

The Jane Austen Argument

"Phoenix"

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I need to find a little solitude, my love
In which to catch alight my breath
I need to build a little fire in my heart
Which will spit and spark 'til my death

So I can unfurl the pretty flames
That have my arms
Which I will raise up to the sky
With a twisted smile
And I will sing "Glory Be"
And inside, whisper, "help me, please"
And shout out "Love, love, love"
For eternity

Oh, what have I become?
And where is my mother?
Oh, bring me my sticks and spices
That I may build this birthing pyre

He says I have the soul of the sun
But I'm yet to ignite it
(I'm yet to invite it)
And she says I'm not around any more
But she still tastes the smoke on my tongue

But I will unfurl the pretty flames
That have my legs
And waltz away my flesh and feathers
And I will cry tears of glee
And I will beg you to save me
But I'll be flying, flying, flying
It's mythical policy

Oh, what have I become?
And where is my mother?
Oh, bring me my sticks and spices
That I may build this birthing pyre

Just give me a thousand years, my love
I'll meet you by the ashes

Oh, what have I become?
And where is my mother?
Bring me my sticks and spices
That I may build this birthing pyre

What have I become?
And where is my mother?

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